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of infamy. Think you I could ever bear to see my friends? That, at least, I shall avoid. To-morrow I shall take my name off their books—an hour after I shall be on board an American packet. And now, Roper, good night. You will see me again. We are old friends; and I never found you false. God bless you; may you be more successful than your ill-fated friend. I hope you may soon sit in a Fellow's stall."

There was something in the tone of his voice, in his words, his look—something breathing of calm and reckless despair, which awed Roper's very soul and froze his blood. He grasped his friend's hand—felt his pulse; it was regular and even; his colour was not flushed, but rather pale; and his eye, steady and collected, had resisted the influence of the wine. He looked on him earnestly and inquiringly: "O'Reilly, give me your word and honour, that you intend nothing rash."

O'Reilly smiled. "Nothing rash, Roper; I have deliberated and determined. Was it Antony who gave a supper to his friends the night before he died? But although I am an unfortunate Connaught Papist, I am not going to play the Roman."

And Roper was satisfied and deceived.

A few minutes before the bell tolled next morning for early chapel, the student occupying the ground-floor of O'Reilly's building, and who already was employed linking Greek iambs on the classical subject of "Bhurtpour," (enjoying in anticipation the emoluments of the vice-chancellor's prize,) was alarmed by the report of a pistol-shot, proceeding from the room above him. Rushing up stairs, he found a crowd of students already assembled at the door. An entrance was quickly forced; and Roper's suspicions were fatally verified. Stretched on the floor, a stream of blood trickling from his side, lay all that remained of the wretched O'Reilly. He was quite dead. A small pocket-pistol was grasped tightly in his right hand; his eyes were covered by his left. An unsealed letter, directed to Roper, was on the table;—its contents never transpired.

Late next evening, a funeral, conducted in the most private manner, entered the burying-ground attached to St. Catherine's church; and a grave, dug in the loneliest and least observed part, was filled up;—but no head-stone or inscription appeared as memento of him who slept beneath.

F. S. B.

* * We understand that the gentleman by whom this hapless young man had been "occasioned," was never afterwards known to resort to that mode of discipline.

ON CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS,

A PICTURE BY VELASQUEZ IN THE COLLECTION OF THE HON. AND REV. J. POMEROY.

By the dark stillness brooding in the sky,
Hollost of Sufferers! round thy path of woe,
And by the weight of mortal agony
Laid on thy drooping form, and pale, meek brow,
My heart was aw'd: the burden of thy pain
Sank on me with a mystery and a chain.

I look'd once more—and, as the virtue shed
Forth from thy robe of old, so fell a ray
Of victory from thy mein! And round thy head
The halo, melting spirit-like away,
Seemed of the very soul's bright rising, born
To glorify all sorrow, shame, and scorn!

And upwards, through transparent darkness gleaming,
 Gaz'd, in mute reverence, Woman's earnest eye,
 Lit, as a vase whence inward light is streaming,
 With quenchless faith and deep love's fervency,
 Gathering, like incense round some dim veiled shrine,
 About the Form, so mournfully divine !

Oh ! let thine image, as e'en there it rose,
 Live in my soul for ever, calm and clear,
 Making itself a temple of repose,
 Beyond the breath of human hope or fear !
 A holy place, where, through all storms, may lie
 One living beam of dayspring from on high !

F. H.

THE PRIMITIVE STATE OF THE GLOBE, AND ITS SUBSEQUENT CHANGES.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE
 RICHARD KIRWAN, LL.D. &c. &c. BY JOHN O'REARDON, ESQ. M.D.

Having in a former number alluded to the works of Mr. Kirwan on the variations of the atmosphere, I now come to his elaborate treatises on "*The Primitive State of the Globe, and its subsequent Catastrophes,*" published in 1796. It is divided into three essays. In the first essay, which treats on the primeval state of the globe, he endeavours to prove "that the solids that at present compose the earth, were soft, or in that state of minute division which aqueous solution requires ; and that by the successive crystallization of quartz, felspar, mica, tourmaline, &c. the primitive mountains were formed ; that before the existence of any fish there necessarily were stony masses inclosing the basen of the sea, in all of which carbonate of lime is found ; and that Buffon and Hutton erred in attributing to shell-fish the formation of all calcareous earth ; that the credit due to Moses' history is established on mere philosophic grounds, abstracted from every theological consideration : " in proof of which he has given "seven or eight geological facts, related by Moses on the one side, and on the other deduced," as he says, "solely from the best verified geological observations, and yet agreeing perfectly with each other, not only in substance, but in the order of their succession." It is, in the author's own words, "the coincidence of two accounts, derived from sources totally distinct from, and independent on, each other."

The second essay being on the Deluge, goes to refute the various hypotheses advanced to disprove a general inundation. Our countryman shows, that "exclusive of the confirmation of Moses' testimony, by the tradition of many ancient nations, (which may be seen in Grotius de Veritate, Huet. Quest. Alret. lib. ii. chap. xii. Euseb. Prop. Evang. lib. xii. &c.), there are some geological facts which," in his judgment, "prove it conclusively: such as marine shells discovered on Mount Perdu, the loftiest of the Pyrenees, at the height of nearly ten thousand feet ; the petrified bones of land animals found at the same elevation ; and both petrified shells and wood imbedded in a rock on a mountain of Peru ; other collections of shells known to belong to shores under climates very different from each other, found mixed promiscuously ; the accumulated bones of elephants and rhinoceri, surrounded by genuine marine vegetable ; and even the entire unputrefied carcass of a rhinoceros found at the distance of several hundred miles from the sea, in the lower parts of Siberia, which," according to his opinion, "was always too